

Oxford County Advertiser.

VOL. 58. NEW SERIES XV.

NORWAY AND SOUTH PARIS, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1884.

NO. 9.

One Square (24 lines, 1 inch space) 1 week, \$1.00
Each continuation, 25 cts.
One Square, (one inch of space) per year, 7.00
Cards of thanks, obituary notices, resolu-
tions, etc., 50 cts. per line. Legal
advertising inserted at the published rates.
A liberal discount by the column or year.Of every kind and from nearly and promptly
done at this office at the lowest prices.

THE BAKERY STORE,

C. E. RINES, Proprietor.

Norway, Me.

A complete line of

Choice

Groceries,

AT LOWEST PRICES.

LUNCH ROOMS Connected, Tea and Coffee

all goods usually found at a first-class Bakery.

Call—Next Store to Academy.

Buy Your

DOORS, WINDOWS, BLINDS

Mouldings,

Stair Rail, Balusters, Newels,

ASH & PINE SHEATHING,

WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,

BRACKETS, PICKETS, ETC.,

S. P. Maxim & Son,

SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Low Prices.

N. B.—Description of House Finish

furnished at Short Notice.

Painting, Matching, Band Sawing and

general jobbing attended to. Also Agents for

RUBBER PAINTS!

O. M. CUMMINGS,

Livery and Feed Stable,

NORWAY, ME.

Proprietor of Gipsy Queen.

Passengers conveyed to adjoining

towns at reasonable rates.

62 Stable on Danforth Street.

L. L. Howard, Jr.,

Contractor of

CEMETERY WORK

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Gravestones or Marble

MONUMENTS.

Borders, Tablets & Head Stones.

Polished Granite a Specialty.

VASES, LAWN GRASS SEED AND LOTUS

GRADED.

I shall make every effort in the future, as in

the past, to give you first-class work at the

lowest prices.

L. L. HOWARD, JR.

N. B.—No business done from sunset Friday

until sunset Saturday.

AARON PAIGE

Prepared to

Make Rubber Boots, Shoes, Coats

Other Rubber Goods.

Also, BOOTS & SHOES REPAIRING. Shop in the

rear of brick block, opposite Post Office, Nor-

way, Me.

J. W. EVERETT,

(Successor to C. W. Briggs.)

DEALER IN

Meats and Vegetables.

Beef, Lamb, Pork, Hams, Sausages, Veget-

ables, Canned Goods, etc. All at the

Lowest Prices.

Geo. H. Small,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTER,

SHOP ON BRIDGE STREET,

Opposite the Academy, Job Printing Office,
NORWAY, ME.

Established in 1844 by H. H. HAY & CO.

H. H. HAY & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.,

256, 258, 262 Middle, June, Free Sts.,

Wholesale Store 262, Portland, Me.

Orders by mail and Express received

prompt attention. Correspondence solicited

from Dealers and others.

H. H. HAY & CO.

UNION TRAVELERS' GUIDE TO THE OCEAN

AND THE GREAT LAKES. THE TRAVELER'S

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THE KING'S SHIPS.

God hath so many ships upon the sea!

His are the merchantmen that carry treasure.

The men-of-war, all bannered gallantly.

The little fisher boats and barks of pleasure.

On all this sea of time there is not one

That saileth without the glorious Name thereon.

The winds go up and down upon the sea;

And some they lightly catch, entraining

Kindly.

And waft them to the port where they would be;

And other ships they buffet, long and blindly.

Thou dost come down on the great shining

deep.

And on the shore the watchers stand and weep.

And God hath many wrecks within the sea;

Oh, it is deep! I look in fear and wonder:

The wisdom throned above is dark and deep.

Yet it is sweet to think His care is under:

That yet the sunken treasure may be drawn

Up to His storehouse when the sea is gone.

So I, that sail in peril on the sea,

With my beloved, whom yet the waves may

cover.

Say—God hath more than angelic care of me,

And larger share than I in friend and lover.

Why weep ye so, ye watchers on the land?

That deep is but the hollow of His hand.

CARL SPENGLER.

A Story of Duty.

[From Every Other Saturday.]

In the middle of a dark night Joel, a

boy of nine years old, heard his name

called by a voice which, through his

sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had

been tired enough when he went to bed,

and yet he had not gone to sleep for

some time; his heart beat so at the idea

of his mother being ill. He well

remembered his father's death, and his

mother's illness now revived some feel-

ings which he had almost forgotten. His

bed was merely some clothes

spread on the floor, and covered with a

rug; but he did not mind that; and he

could have gone to sleep at once but for

the fear that had come over him. When

he did sleep, his sleep was sound; so

that his mother's feeble voice calling him

seemed like a call from miles away.

In a minute Joel was up and wide

awake.

"Light the candle," he could just

hear the voice say.

He lighted the candle, and his heart

beating seemed to stop when he saw

his mother's face. He seemed hardly to

know whether it was his mother or no.

"Shall I call—?"

"Call nobody, my dear. Come here."

He laid his cheek to hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he mur-

mured.

"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use

calling any one. These little ones, Joel."

"I will take care of them, mother."

"You, my child! How should that be?"

"Why not?" said the boy, raising

himself, and standing at his best height.

"Look at me, mother. I can work, I

promise you—"

His mother could not lift her hand,

but she moved a finger in a way which

checked him.

"Promise nothing that may be too

hard for you," she said.

"I promise to try, then," he said.

"That little sister of mine shall live at home,

and never go to the work-house. He

spoke cheerfully, though the candle-

light glittered in the two streams of

tears on his cheeks. "We can go on

living here; and we shall be so—"

It would not do. The sense of their

coming disaster rushed over him in a

way too terrible to be borne. He hid

his face beside her, murmuring:

"Oh, mother! mother!"

His mother found strength to move

her hand now. She stroked his head

with a trembling touch, which he

seemed to feel as long as he lived. He

could not say much more. She told him

she had no fear of any of them. They

would be taken care of. She advised

him not to awaken the little ones, who

were asleep on the other side of

her, and begged him to lie down himself

till daylight, and try to sleep, when she

should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The

candle was very low; but before it went

out, she was gone. Joel had always

done what his mother wished; but he

could not obey her in the last thing

she said. He lighted the candle

when the first went out, and sat think-

ing, till the gray dawn began to show

through the window.

When he called the neighbors, they

were astonished at his quietness. He

had taken up the children and dressed

them, and made the room tidy, and

lighted the fire, before he told anybody

what had happened. And when he

opened the door, his little sister was in

his arms. She was two years old, and

could walk; of course, but like being in

Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most

confounded. He stood with his pinot at

his mouth, staring at the bed, and

wondering that his mother lay so still.

If the neighbors were astonished at

Joel that morning, they might be more

so at some things they saw afterward,

but they were not. Everything seemed

done so naturally; and the boy evidently

considered what he had to do so much a

matter of course that less sensation was

excited than about many smaller things.

After the funeral was over, Joel tied

up all his mother's clothes. He carried

the bundle on one arm, and his sister

on the other. He would not have liked

to take money for what he had seen his

mother wear; but he changed them away

for new and strong clothes for the child.

He did not seem to want any help. He

went to the factory the next morning, as

usual, after washing and dressing the

children, and getting a breakfast of bread

and milk with them. There was no fire;

and he put every knife and other danger-

ous thing on a high shelf, and gave

them some trifles to play with, and

promised to come and play with them at

dinner-time. And he did play. He

played heartily with the little one, and

as if he enjoyed it, every day at noon

hour. Many a merry laugh the neigh-

bors heard from that room when the three

children were together, and the laugh

was often Joel's.

